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Poetry.

KANSAS.

BY MRS. R. L. REED.

There are thousands, thousands, starving,
On the Kansas plain today;
All who have an heart to pity,
Send them succor while you may.

There is famine, famine spreading,
And no helping hand is nigh;
No I have given as a pity,
Shall we suffer them to die?

Little children, children crying,
Give us bread, O! mother, do?
And the mother's heart is breaking,
While she says, "I've none for you."

There is sorrow, sorrow, written,
Upon every brow and heart;
God hath hid his aid the needy,
Shall we share with them a part?

O! the bitter, bitter, sorrow,
May we never, never know,
As our brother-man has suffered,
Mid the pangs of want and woe.

May we ever, ever follow,
In the paths of Master trod,
Doing good to one another,
Till the upward way to God.

MAY GOD SAVE THE UNION.
BY REV. G. DOUGLAS BROWN.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and
inseparable."
Aid—our star spangled banner."

God save the Union! God grant it may
stand,
The pride of our people, the boast of our land,
Still, still, "the storm may our banner float
free,
And untried o'er earth and o'er sea.

God save the Union! We trust in its might,
The time of the tempest, in fear and in flight,
We'll not fail, we'll not fail, not in the sky
We can see all the stars in the azure field fly.

God save the Union!—The red, white and
blue,
Keep our States still united the dreary day thro',
At the stars tell the tale of the glorious past,
And bid us in Union, forever to stand.

God save the Union! Still, still, may it
stand,
By the prayers of the patriot band!
To cement it, our fathers ensigned the soil—
To keep it, we kneel to a merciful God.

Port Jervis, Orange Co., N. Y., Nov. 5, 1860.

THE FARMER.

BY A YOUNG MAN OF 12 YEARS.

How happy is the farmer's lot,
How free from vexing care,
How pleasant is his rural cot—
What comfort nestles there.

He envies not Victoria's gold,
The monarch on his throne
Such peaceful pleasures never enjoy,
To call them all his own.

The city has no sweets for him,
The palace has no charms;
He's nature's free born gentleman,
He loves his lowly farm.

He loves to feel the strengthening breeze,
To see the waving corn,
He loves beneath the shady trees
To hail the advancing morn.

Oh! happy then will be the time
When nations cease from blood;
When each in his own quiet home,
Shall raise a song to God!

Useful Hints.

CRACKERS.—One cup of lard, one cup of warm
water, in which is dissolved two and a half
spoons of cream of tartar and another
cup with a teaspoon of soda, dissolved in it,
and salt to the taste; sift into the bread bowl a
large quart of flour, rub the lard through the
sifter, mix the dough with the soda and cream of
tartar, add enough flour to make the dough
stiff. They are better if rolled in separate
stacks, but are very good rolled thin and cut
thin with a cracker cutter; bake thoroughly with-
out burning, and after all are baked set the pan
containing them in a cool oven until they are dry
and crisp, or they may be baked over as want-
ed, each day.

At this season of the year, when arrangements
are to be made for winter fires, this recipe is well
worth publication:

"To stop cracks in chimneys and stoves, the
insertion of stove pipes, open joints in pipes, and
all places of the kind—dissolve common salt in
water—as much as the water will take up—and
thicken it with clean ashes till it becomes a mor-
tar of proper temper for working. This will
harden in a short time to firm cement, and is bet-
ter than mortar for the purposes mentioned, and
can always be obtained."

The walls of the basements of houses situated near
rivers in the New York, exposed to tidal waves, are
usually laid in hot asphalt. The arches of
cellars laid under the sidewalks in the streets are
also usually covered with hot asphalt; no other
cement seems to be as good for keeping out water
from the surface. Cisterns made in the bottoms
of the Mississippi, subject to overflows, if coated
inside with good hydraulic cement and outside
with hot asphalt, would be perfectly tight.

The Gazette Medicate of France says that by an
accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a
cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold char-
coal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately.
By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound
is healed, as has been demonstrated on several
occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple and
deserves a trial.

Ten stains made on fine linen with the oil from
sewing machines are very difficult to remove;
but this can be done with a little oxalic acid in
solution after the oil is washed out. The color
due to the oxyd of iron in the oil, which can-
not be removed from light colored woollen
without injury to the texture of the fabric.

Remove varnish for violins is thinned with re-
solute turpentine to reduce it to a proper condition
for application. In varnishing a violin, all the
varnish should be carefully scraped before the
instrument is applied, unless a very thin coat is required.

Very, answered Katy. "I think the
poor fellow would like some water too."

And where shall we find it, my moun-
tain maid?

There is a little pond further down the
road, and a large trough, where all our
cattle drink."

"Thank you."

The lady turned to her brother, who
stood looking at the farmer's daughter, in-
stead of drinking the water with which he
had filled the glass.

"Alfred take care! Remember Maud
Muller!" And she rode away.

The young man turned crimson, so did
Katy, for she also knew the poem. Then
he gave the glass back, and mounted his
horse.

"Those are pretty roses," he said, point-
ing to some that grew within the fence....
"Will you give me one?"

She chose the finest—dipped its velvet
leaves in the water and gave it to him. He
held her hand a moment and looked down
at her blushing face.

"My sister was right. Farewell, Maud
Muller." He dropped her hand, the horse
galloped down the lane, and Katy was
alone.

Going back to the parlor, she placed the
tray upon the table, and sat down in the
open door, with her face hidden in her
hands. A long, long time passed, then she
looked up at the bright sky and fresh
fields.

"O, why was I born here?" she thought
sadly; "why was not my home where I
could have such beautiful things—where I
too, could ride about all day if I liked, and
live with such people always. Maud
Muller indeed! she saw it then—she did
really admire me," and again she mused.
From the meadow below came the ringing
of the mowers' scythes against their white-
stones—she heard the sound, and it re-
minded her of her kind father toiling away
cheerfully under the burning sun; of another
also, who, when school was out, would
hasten up the lane to meet her—yet in
spite of all this she sighed.

How hot the sun is growing and how
tired I am," she said, as she leaned her
head against the door. "O, if one but
lived in the good old times now! if my
fair godmother were in the world and
would come by my wishing for her, how
happy I should be."

"Are you sure of that?" said a small,
shrill voice, very much like the chirp of a
grasshopper in the long grass.

Katy started up. Just before her on
the bench beneath the tamaracs, sat such
an old figure, that she nearly burst out
laughing. A yellow faced little woman
with a pair of sharp, black eyes, dressed
in a short waisted, narrow skirted, pea
green silk, with strings of pearls on her
withered neck and arms, and her hair friz-
zled out in curls till she looked like a
walking barber's shop. She wore mittens
too, and carried a great fan that would
have served for winnowing wheat.

"Who is it?" said Katy, rubbing her
eyes.

"Your fair godmother, to be sure. It's
the first time you have ever been civil
enough to wish for me in your life."

"I didn't know I had one," said the girl.

"And you came very near not getting
one. I can tell you, said the fairy, flitting
her fan."

"Such a time as I had to get near your
cradle! your mother was always over it;
however one night your father left the
door open and I flew in. And here I am
now. What is it you want?"

"I—don't—know," said Katy, blush-
ing.

"Butterflies wings! You're telling a
fib, godchild. If you had been brought up
in our country, you would have been larnt
better manners. Come, people don't wish
for their fair godmothers for nothing—
what is it?"

"There was a carriage," Katy began,
and then came a dead stop.

"O, there was. Well, that will be a
very interesting piece of information for
me to give Queen Titania when I go back
to court. May it please your Majesty, I
shall say, there was a carriage, and a horse
behind, and a fine young man with blue
eyes—and a glass of water—and a rose—
and Maude Muller—and slapjacks for
supper—he! he! he!"

Here the fairy went off in a fit of laugh-
ter, that scudded like the ringing of a
cracked peal of tiny bells.

"Why, godmother, you must have been
here for a long time," said Katy.

"O, I am often with you when you don't
know it, and to-day I was not on duty in
the presence chamber, and I thought I
would see what they are about. Almost
time for me to go though, the four o'clock
are beginning to fold up their leaves,
and the Queen dines at half past. Now then
George Bathurst is a long legged school-
master, poor as a church mouse, not over
and above handsome—he don't believe in
fairies either—humph!" and the lady
quaffed an acorn cup of may dew she had
about her.

"He quarrelled with me this morning,"
said Katy, pouting, "because I danced
with Willie Moore at the ball last week."

The fairy smiled maliciously.

"You are a sad flirt, godchild, but that
is your misfortune, not your fault, poor
thing. If you had lived at our court you
would have known better. Look there,
who is coming up the lane?"

It was the slender blue-eyed youth,
wearing the rose on his breast, and looking
at the house as his horse cantered lightly
along.

"He is rich, and gay, and handsome, and
he loves you. Shall I make him tell you
so?" said the fairy, tapping the stick she
leaned on, three times against the ground.

Katy looked and sighed; the ring of the
scythes had ceased and the old gray horse
was coming up the lane.

"Yes, godmother."

"The stick turned into a beautiful ivory
wand banded with gold and with a
single pearl. The fairy waved it twice
and vanished; the youth sprang from his
feet and knelt at the maiden's feet.

"I could not go, my sweet Maud Mul-
ler. I stole away from them and hurried
back to you, love—will you go with me
and be my little bride?"

"Ah me,
That I the judges bride might be,"
sighed Katy. "Yes, I will go."

"Mount, my lady-love, mount before
me; we have many a mile to ride."

"My poor father, my own George,
thought Katy; but her lover's arm was
round her waist, and blue eyes looking into
hers. They were in the saddle and away,
almost before the last words fell from her
lips, and the lowly home and friends were
forsaken forever.

CHAPTER II.

For a while Katy was happy. Her
sister-in-law welcomed her kindly, when,
after a honeymoon spent at Lake George,
the young couple came back to New York
to meet her—and it was much to be for-
given. Katy thought, for entering clan-
destinely into a family like hers. Her
home was a stately and beautiful one; ev-
ery wish she formed was quickly indulged
and her husband was as fond and devoted
as her lover had been. It was long, long,
before Katy would own that she missed the
small brown farm house under the maples,
even in her dreams.

For a year the sunshine lasted—then
the shadow came. No children were given
to make the bond stronger between them,
and by degrees a dreadful fear crept over
the young wife's heart. Could it be that
Alfred loved her less than when he had
wooed her from her humble home? He
was less with her. He was scrupulously
polite in public, but silent and careless in
his manner in private. He yawned, too,
scores of times, when she was singing, and
excused himself from a tete-a-tete at the
fireside, by a plea of "business," each ev-
ening. She knew it was a false one; knew
he had no "business" to occupy his time
—and she grew pale and ill with jealousy
of what or whom she could not say.

As she sat one evening in her lonely
boudoir, playing snatches of song in the
faint glow of the firelight, some one tapped
lightly at the door.

"Enter," said she, listlessly, for she knew
it was not her husband's knock; and Au-
gusta, her sister-in-law, came up and put
her arm around her waist.

"Alone, and sad, I think," she said gen-
tly.

"You are right."

"And what can make you sad?"

Katy did not answer for a moment.—
Then she looked up in her sister's face.

"Will you be angry if I ask you a ques-
tion?"

"I am never angry with you. Ask
what you like."

"Why have you never married, Augus-
ta?"

"The lady's cheek flushed deeply.

"Some people would perhaps say because
I cannot. You know, to the contrary,
however. There is another reason, but I
would rather not tell it to you."

"I heard you give it last night, Augus-
ta, to your cousin Margaret."

"Where were you?"

"Sleeping on the divan in the library.
Your voices awoke me—that was the first
thing that I heard, and the last you said."

"Good heavens, Katy—I did not mean—
"

"I know you would not have said it if
you had known I was there. I think I
shall never forget the words—that you had
avoided marriage because you had believed
a man always tired of his wife—that when
your brother married, you hoped to see in
his case at least the exception to the rule
—but—but" Katy's voice faltered sadly
—since he has known La Isabella you
feared he was like all his kind—false, fickle,
and dishonest. Therefore you would
remain single forever."

Augusta felt and looked deeply dis-
tressed. She could not retract her words
or tell the young wife that her information
was incorrect.

"Have you seen Alfred since?" she asked
at last.

"No. O, Augusta, I have not spoken
to him for three days. He has scarcely
been in the house for that time—he who
was always by my side. It will kill me—I
shall die!"

"No!—and Augusta bent down and
kissed her tears away; you shall live,
Katy, to win him back again. I am sure
he loves you, after all. He admires this
woman. It is true—he may think, even,
that he has a passion for her, but I do not

believe he is guilty, except in thought, as
yet. He is my brother—your husband—I
did wrong to say what I did last night—
—we will take him away between us, and
all will be well again. Dry those tears,
my mountain maid—"

"O, not that name!" cried Katy. "You
called me so the first time we ever met.
I can't bear it now. Tell me of La Isa-
bella—she plays to-night?"

"Yes."

"Take me to see her."

Augusta hesitated.

"Do you know, Katy, that Alfred will
be there?"

"I am sure of it. Perhaps that is why
I so much wish to go. Only let me see him
near her, when he thinks I am quiet
and ignorant at home, and I can tell what
destiny is before me. We can disguise
ourselves—we will go into our box—we
can sit in this box—we can sit in the pit—
O, pray, don't refuse me."

"Come, then."

They went to Augusta's dressing-room,
and summoning the maid, borrowed from
the servant, through her agency, two dress-
es, cloaks and hoods, that formed a dis-
guise. Leaving her to watch for their re-
turn, they stole out a side door just as the
seven o'clock bells were ringing, and hur-
rying down Broadway, mingled with the
crowd of people who were passing into the
theatre to hear the magnificent Isabella
sing.

Katy, gazing eagerly about the house,
and only for one face, soon discovered it.
Her husband sat alone in the stage box;
his head leaned on his hand; he trifled
with a crown of roses lying on a cushion
before him. He looked pale, and the poor
wife thought, also said. Was he by chance
thinking of her, and the rose she gave him
at the garden gate, not many months ago?

The curtain rose? he leaned eagerly for-
ward; the whole house rang with applause;
and Katy saw a fair-haired, blue-eyed wo-
man, tall and majestic, with the diadem of
an Empress on her brow, and her court
around her. That was La Isabella, the
woman who had won her husband's heart.
She felt sure of it, as she watched him,
while scene after scene passed on. She
noticed also that the beautiful singer
glanced once or twice in his direction af-
ter her most successful roudes.

At last the opera was over—the curtain
fell—and La Isabella was called before it
by the plaudits of the house, courtesied
gracefully, while a shower of wreaths and
bouquets fell from the boxes at her feet,
and were gathered up by her escort. A
modest crown of blush roses fluttered down
among the last—she stooped for it herself,
and casting a glance towards the giver,
went off the stage with it in her hand—
Katy clung to Augusta, and her heart
seemed dying within her.

"Hush," said her sister, for her sobs al-
most choked her; "do not give up yet. See
—he has left his box—now is the time to
see him. We will get near the private
entrance; I know that way—we cannot
miss him."

They forced their way hurriedly through
the noisy, retreating crowd, and bribing a
box-keeper to let them pass, hurried along
to the end of the gallery near the stage.
A door suddenly opened, and the dim light
showed them the figure of Alfred, with a
lady leaning on his arm. Augusta shrank
back into the shade, and kept Katy from
stirring.

"We will not go down till the crowd
have dispersed," they heard him say, "tho'
many of them are waiting at the private
entrance to see you go, little thinking, my
Isabella, that I am bearing the pearl away.
How can I thank you sufficiently for hono-
ring my poor gift so greatly to-night?"

The prima donna sighed.

"What grieves you my beautiful?"

"O," she said, with a slightly foreign ac-
cent, "I was thinking how wrong all this
is—I was thinking of your wife."

He started and gnashed his teeth sav-
agely.

"You would marry me, then?"

"This moment, could I do so, Isabella,"
and he spoke so earnestly that all three of
his listeners were convinced of his sincerity.
Katy's heart was wrung with the
keenest anguish. She leaned heavily on
her sister's shoulder.

"Yet you loved her once, even as you
love me now. You are fickle," said the
sweet voice of the singer.

"Faithful, rather, Isabella; that was
but the passion of a boy—this is—the
love of a man—the love of a man—a love that
will never die."

They passed on, still talking in the low
tone lovers voice. Katy's head dropped
lower, and Augusta, bending down to look
found she was almost fainting.

"Oh, Katy, hear up," she exclaimed,
wringing her hands, "he must not find us
here after this; he will if you are ill; oh,
keep your strength till we are at home
once more."

"At home," said Katy, sadly, "oh, if I
had never left my mountain home, if I had
never seen my fair godmother—how hap-
py I might have been. Fool that I was
to leave those who were so kind to me; I
can never find such faithful hearts again.
That remains to be told," said a sharp

voice; and on looking around they saw an
odd little figure dressed in green silk,
with a wand of ivory in her hand. Au-
gusta stared. Katy rushed forward eager-
ly.

"O, godmother, you here?"

"Why not? Where should a fairy be,
if not near the stage of a theatre, pray?
And so you are not happy, after all?"

"O, no,—no—take me home; let me
go home to father and George."

The fairy took snuff and tapped her
wand three times, while the poor young
wife knelt at her feet, sobbing as if her
heart would break.

"Why, Katy, love, what is the matter?
Wake up, my darling," said a kind voice in
her ear, and opening her eyes she saw the
young schoolmaster bending over her with a
beautiful bouquet in his hand. She
sprang up and looked around. That was
the door of the farm house, that was the
ringing of the mowers' scythes she heard
in the valley below; husband, sister and
fair godmother had vanished together, to
say nothing of La Isabella and she was a
mountain maid once more!

"What were you dreaming of?" asked
George Bathurst, as he wiped away the
tears that still glittered on her cheeks.—
"I have been watching for you this long
time, you look so pretty when you are
asleep, Katy. But what made you cry?"

"I will tell you some day, not now,"
said Katy, shyly. "Are those flowers for
me?"

"Yes, I went two miles to the garden
after school to get them for you to make
amends for our quarrel this morning."

She held them a moment in her hand,
thinking of the crown roses which grieved
her so much. Then she looked up at the
honest face of her lover.

"I think I am the happiest girl in the
world, George," she whispered, though my
fair godmother had to come and tell me
so."

It was time to make the flapjacks for
tea; how cheerfully she set about it now.
But before she went singing about her task
she stood on tiptoe on the stone step and
kissed George Bathurst—a thing she had
never done of her own accord before. No
one was passing by to see her, only some
gossipping insects in the tall grass witnessed
the salute and took up the story in their
perpetual way for the benefit of the neigh-
borhood, as if there was any harm in it—
for this, dear reader, was all that Katy did

Judge not from Appearances.—A lady
friend contributes for the Agriculturist
boys and girls, the following capital story
showing the danger of judging from ap-
pearances.

"When I was eleven years old, my mo-
ther removed to the country. Our near-
est neighbor was a minister, by the name
of Wayland, who in addition to his minis-
terial duties, owned and cultivated a large
farm. One night my attention was at-
tracted to a bright light in one of the up-
per rooms of our neighbor's house. In a
moment I saw the wife fly past the uncur-
tained window, closely followed by the
husband, who was armed with a high fire
shovel—round the room she went, still
pursued, and as I listened breathlessly, I
thought, nay I was sure, I heard a scream.
I hastened to my mother, and told her
what I had seen, and we both looked out,
but the light was gone, and all was quiet.
Notwithstanding my mother's judicious
warning, 'to say nothing about it to any
one,' before school was out the next day,
I had confided it to my bosom friend, and
in a week half the village knew it, and a
great talk it made. I do assure you—
Finally it reached the ears of the deacons,
who at once proceeded to investigate its
truth. My mother looked grave and
troubled when they called, but consoling
of having told only the truth, I met them
fearlessly and related what I had seen—
Then they left, taking a 'bee line' for the
minister's, to call him to account. With
many apologies they made known their
errand, when to their surprise, the minis-
ter broke into a loud laugh. 'Wait a
moment,' said he, 'till I call Polly. You
see, that night I found a big rat in the
meal chest, and came down for the shovel,
and bade her hold the light, while I killed
him. Finding no other place to hide, the
rascal took refuge in the folds of her dress,
and she ran screaming, till I managed to
dislodge and kill him.'

I have ever since been careful not to re-
peat an unfavorable report about my neigh-
bors, at least until I knew the whole truth."

The Vicar of 'They Say.'—'They'
will say anything and everything. 'They'
have said everything mean and despicable.
'They' say things that break up families,
crush hearts, blight hopes, and smother
worthy aspirations. Whenever a man cir-
culates a slander, and gives 'They' as his
authority, turn your back upon him. He
is no good.

Natural men think God beholden to
them for their service; but spiritual men
look on themselves as beholden to God,
that they may, but especially that they
can serve him.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he
thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou
shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1776.
Newport, December 7th, 1775.

Your favor of the 5th inst. we received,
and it is with much concern we observe
that we are charged with a violation of
the agreement entered into with you, by
seizing the King's subjects and their ef-
fects; in answer to which, we cannot in
justice to ourselves and the inhabitants of
the town whom we represent, be altogeth-
er silent, and must beg leave on this oc-
casion to say, that we have with the utmost
care and caution used every method in our
power to investigate and find out what
could give rise to a charge of this kind;
and upon the most strict examination we
have not been able to discover that there
hath been any such violence or outrage
committed by any of the inhabitants here
living and residing, and we have reason to
think they never had it in contemplation.
We have, to the utmost of our powers,
used every endeavor for the preservation
of peace and good order amongst the peo-
ple, and in which have been generally suc-
cessful, but indeed such is the degeneracy
of human nature, that in the best regulated
societies disorders will happen; the truth
of which daily experience too fatally con-
vinces of. If by the expression of seizing
the King's subjects or effects is understood
and meant the taking of Capt. Stanhope
and the other officers, it cannot with prop-
riety, be charged on the town or any in-
habitant of it; you must be sensible by
whom these gentlemen were taken, and as
soon as it came to our knowledge we used
every step for obtaining their release, but
was not successful therein, and Captain
Stanhope done the town the justice due to
it and you will surely be advised of it from
him long before this time—

while by order of the government of—
truly sensible that incon-
veniences would arise by them—

for the removal of whom we have pursued
the constitutional remedy which the laws
of the land pointed out by petitioning our
superiors, the General Assembly, but as
yet have not been able to prevail; we would
further on this subject, observe that

The new building for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge was dedicated

will leave the window of the way in the middle of the numerous, occupying altogether 100 days, which, added to that already occupied, will

THE REV. HENRY F. DUNSTER, D. D., of
Fitchburg, N. Y., is expected to preach at Town
Church on Sunday.

THE VOTE IN SICILY.—A telegram dated Naples, Nov. 4, gives the officially announced result of the voting in Sicily upon the question of annexation. It is as follows: Yes, 621,064; No, 487.

GEORGE C. THORNTON, of Newark, florist, and son of Grant Thornton, died Tuesday, of injuries received by a fall. He was to be the superintendent of Mount Vernon when the ladies take charge. He was highly esteemed.

THE population of Minnesota is nearly identical with that of Rhode Island, being 175,625, or rather more than that of the city of Boston. Wisconsin 777,777, or about 100,000 less people than New York.

born in U. States,	13	Females,	8
Ireland,	2	Color.	
England,		Colored,	0
France,		White	15

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